BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of VVeſt-*merland, with others.*

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care.
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broiles,
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoile,
Shall dawbe her lips with her own childrens bloud.
No more ſhall trenching warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and all eyes,
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe,
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fieldes,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feet,